

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

abide in peace, because I am certain that nothing happens without mystery."

" I tell you, sweetest father, that, whether we will or no, the present time invites us to die. Then remain no longer alive ; end all pains in pain, and increase the delight of holy desire in pain, so that our life may only pass with crucified desire, and we may voluntarily give our bodies to the beasts to devour, that is, voluntarily, for love of the truth, cast ourselves into the tongues and hands of men like unto beasts, even as have done the others who, like dead men, have laboured in this sweet garden, and watered it with their blood, but first with tears and sweat. But I (unhappy is my life !), because I have not put this water to it, have refused to shed my blood therein. I will no more thus ; but let our life be renewed, and the fire of desire increase. You ask me to pray the Divine Goodness that He may give you some of the fire of Vincent, of Lawrence, of sweet Paul, and of that loving John ; then, you say, you will do great deeds. Surely, you speak the truth, for, without this fire, you would do nothing, neither little thing nor great ; nor should I rejoice in you. You commend our order to me, and I commend it to you, for, perceiving how things stand, my heart is bursting in my body thereat. Our province in general still shows itself obedient to Pope Urban and to the vicar of the order, which vicar, I tell you, bears himself right well for the truth ; in most prudent fashion, according to the present state of things, does he bear himself in the order and against those who wickedly contradict the truth. And if any one said the contrary, according to what little I know about it, no truth is in his mouth. The most holy Father has given him commands and full authority to absolve all those provincials who are rebels against his truth. It is no time to sleep, but with great solicitude to pray our sweet Spaniard ¹ to look down upon his order, which order used ever to work for the exaltation of the faith, and now has become its contaminator. I am sorrowful thereat, even unto death, but can do no more, save offer up my life in tears and in very great affliction. As to

¹ St.

Dominic.